A Proposal Is A Promise Your Heart Makes

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/28651515.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Promise of Marriage, Alternate Universe - Different First Meeting, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Beta/Beta, Beta Hannibal Lecter, Beta Will Graham, Sharing a Bed, Alternate Universe - Roommates/Housemates, Murder Husbands Big Bang, Don't copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of Hannigram Big/Reverse Bangs
Collections:	MHBB2020
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-09 Words: 10,029 Chapters: 1/1

A Proposal Is A Promise Your Heart Makes

by TheSilverQueen

Summary

Years ago, a young Will Graham met a young Hannibal Lecter in Italy, fell in love, and promised to marry him – until he discovered Hannibal's secret and ran away. Unfortunately, marriage promises are not so easily forgotten in a world where they create unbreakable red rings … and where everyone must marry by age 35. When Hannibal nears his 35th birthday, he comes calling upon Will to fulfill his promise.

Notes

This is my fic for the Murder Husbands Big Bang 2020! Title comes from the Cinderella song *A Dream Is A Wish Your Heart Makes*.

I was absolutely BLESSED to be chosen by the wonderful heavymetalhannigram (MarcelWorldsmith on AO3) and their art is wonderful and you should check it out HERE.

Finally, thank you so much to my dear Mod Fishie and to all my friends, because originally I was debating not doing another Big Bang and they laughed and were like "lol it's you, you ALWAYS cave" and sure enough I did indeed cave. Cuz I'm just like ThatTM.

See the end of the work for more notes

In all honesty, Will had expected many things in Jack's office: pictures of dead girls, young and windswept and gone too soon; neatly printed cards with descriptions, clinical and cold words to identify each victim; pokes and prods from the man himself, eager for a conclusion to give to the ravenous press and anxious public; maybe even other agents assigned to the case.

What Will does not expect is the silent and elegantly dressed figure sitting across from Jack, hands neatly folded, hair combed back to perfection, and shoes shined to gleaming spotlessness.

He's not an agent, because Will can see the faint plastic edge of a hastily made visitor's badge. And he's not a member of the press, for Will can see no notebook or voice recorder. His relaxed posture tells Will he isn't afraid of Jack, so he isn't a bearer of bad news, but he's not so relaxed to be overly familiar with Jack or Quantico, so he's not a friend. His clear, calm scent indicate that he is very confident, like a man coming into the lion's den on a mission. And his stance – slightly leaned forward, mirroring Jack – tells Will that he wants something, something he suspects Jack may not agree to part with.

All in all, a very confusing impression.

"Come in, Will," Jack says. "I believe you're acquainted with Dr. Hannibal Lecter."

Jack must continue talking, because Will can see, out of the corner of his eye, that his mouth is moving, but Will is too busy stopping dead in his tracks and nearly dropping everything he is holding in his hands.

Because Will knows those shoulders – he used to cling to them, and claw at them with his nails, and rest his head on them. Will knows that style of suit – he used to make jokes about it, and flagrantly steal pieces, and iron them in the dead of night. Will knows those eyes, perfect and dark and piercing – he used to be able to name every single color they could take on and predict exactly where they were focused at any given moment. After all, they used to mostly focus on him.

It's safe to say that of all the people Will never expected to see in Jack's office, his Promised One is number one.

Hannibal smiles, that slight inflection that Will knows as intimately as the curve of his own. He'd once kissed those lips, hello and good-bye and every time in between, drunk on the feeling of being wanted.

"Hello, Will," Hannibal says softly, like to a spooked animal. "It's been a long time."

He tilts his head towards the desk, which is when Will spots a creamy white envelope. It's edged in gold and has a golden seal of two rings overlapping, and there's only one reason that BOND sends out notices in white envelopes with golden seals on them.

"Do you remember the promise you made with me?"

Will licks his lips. Suddenly his throat is dry as a desert and his legs are trembling. He can hardly muster the voice to speak. “No.”

Hannibal, of course, knows he is lying, but he doesn’t say anything. He simply raises his hand. There, in damning and deep red, is a twist of red on his left hand, a perfect and unbroken circle on his ring finger. The oath of a Promised One. Unbreakable, except by death or marriage to another, and impossible to fake, even though humans have tried for centuries to do so.

Will would know. He has the exact same red circle on his own left ring finger, forged the exact same night as Hannibal’s, before he ran away, left it all behind and tried his best to forget that he’d ever once promised to marry Hannibal.

Sixteen Years Ago

Will goes to Italy to get away from his overbearing roommate, overbearing family, and overbearing college, so when he enters into the room he’s rented for the duration of his summer session and finds someone else’s stuff all over the room, he’s more than a little upset. The person is neat, with everything tucked into corners or drawers, and the room isn’t messy, but there is only one bed and Will had been looking forward to having a place all to himself.

The clinking sounds of silverware and the heavenly smell of roasted meat draw Will, suitcase and all, into the tiny kitchen. It has just barely enough room to house a circular table with two chairs, an oven, a stove, a fridge, a sink, and Will’s new roommate.

The man, who was probably enjoying his solo supper, goes still when he spots Will.

“Good evening,” he says, recovering beautifully. He puts down his fork. “I was not expecting you until tomorrow.”

Will blinks. “Well, I’m glad you were aware. I thought I had gotten this place for a really good deal.”

The man smiles. It’s a very slight smile and it doesn’t reach his eyes, but it’s definitely polite enough that most people wouldn’t call him on it. “It is still a good deal, as long as we can coexist peacefully. My name is Hannibal Lecter,” he says, standing and extending his hand. “I am a student with the medical school here.”

Will awkwardly drops his suitcase on the floor to free one of his hands. Hannibal’s hand is very warm, when he shakes it, and very strong; he apparently has more muscle than his lean frame suggests. “Uh, Will Graham. I’m, uh, doing a summer program. Forensics.”

Hannibal accepts this with only a tilt of his head as a comment upon it. It’s quite refreshing; most feel the need to cast aspersions or make comparisons to some kind of police procedural on TV.

Then again, when Will scents the air, he smells only the muted warm edge of beta pheromones, not the sharp tones of an alpha or the sweetened tones of an omega. Betas can

be just as aggressive, if not more, than alphas – Will himself has certainly intimated enough alphas in his own time – but most betas are happy to be the calm, clear-headed mediators between alphas and omegas, and Hannibal seems like he'd fit right into that category. Even better, it means that Will won't have to worry about getting a headache from alpha or omega pheromones, which is a huge plus after a semester crammed into a tiny room with an alpha roommate who didn't understand the concept of scent blockers. Or deodorant.

Returning to his seat, Hannibal asks, "May I assume that your program will run during the day?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"My classes are at night," Hannibal explains. "And I shall sometimes being doing clinic rotations during the day, but mostly I will be occupied during the night and resting during the day. So, it should be fairly easy to cohabitate."

It sounds almost too good to be true. But Will is exhausted from the long flight, nervous about his upcoming internship, and – as his stomach rumbles very loudly – very hungry.

Hannibal rises again, as gracefully as a deer. While Will folds his arms over his stomach in embarrassment, Hannibal retrieves a plate from the drying rack and neatly piles it with some kind of meat and vegetables from the pan cooling on the stove. He sets it neatly on the table and then opens a small door and extracts a fork, knife, and spoon.

"Come, you must be starving. Please, join me and eat before I must depart for my classes."

Will stares. "Are you sure? I could, uh, I could make my own stuff."

"There's very little open at this time of night, unlike in the States," Hannibal says. "And even less in the way of cooking implements. Unless you are going to be eating raw vegetables from the refrigerator, there aren't many options for you. And besides, I made more than enough for two people. You can assist me so that I do not need to pack away quite so many leftovers."

Will isn't an idiot – he knows that this is psychological maneuvering, to make it seem like Will's doing him an unasked-for favor – but it's good psychological maneuvering, because Hannibal really does sound like he needs help, and Will is also very hungry and not a very good cook, so he quickly stows his suitcase and carry-on in a corner of the living room, washes his hands, and then sets about digging into the food.

The first bite of the meat melts in his mouth, leaving only buttery-softness and rich sauce behind. Will almost moans.

"This is amazing. What kind of meat?"

"Pork, of course." Hannibal's eyes twinkle as he spears a vegetable on his own fork and takes a dainty bite. Maybe he's used to this kind of amazing cooking, which is why he's able to pace himself, but Will forges ahead, because he is not. "You might say cooking is my favorite past time."

Will swallows and then forks another bite of meat. It's even better the second time around. He points his fork at Hannibal. "Hey, if you ever quit being a doctor, you should totally become a chef. You'd make millions."

"I'll keep that in mind," Hannibal says serenely, and keeps eating.

Just like Hannibal said, their schedules make for an almost perfect cohabitation. Hannibal usually rises around dinner time and makes food before he departs for class, leaving the flat free for Will to do his studying, cram Hannibal's delicious meals in his mouth, and then pass out on the bed. By the time Hannibal returns, Will is up and making breakfast – usually eggs, one of the few things he makes that he sees Hannibal willingly eat – before leaving for his internship so Hannibal is free to do whatever he wants in the flat.

It's probably sleeping, because Will can see some faint creases in Hannibal's pillow and smell his cologne, but sometimes Will nips back to the flat for a snack and Hannibal is nowhere to be found. He's not sure where Hannibal goes, but most days he doesn't spare a thought for it, because he's got bigger things to focus his investigative powers on.

Finally, the day comes when Will has a day off, mostly because Inspector Pazzi got really tired of having an intern underfoot and banished him for an early start to the weekend, so Will wakes up with a groan when Hannibal nudges him.

"Will? You're going to be late."

Will pulls the blanket up. "I have the day off."

"Ah. My apologies. Do you mind?"

Will would pardon anything at that moment, if only for a few more hours of sleep, but he's so tired he's not quite sure what words actually come out of his mouth. Hannibal, thankfully, takes no offense, because after a moment Will feels the bed dip down and the space heats up, warmed by a second body under the covers. He shifts for a few seconds, as if finding a comfortable position, and then goes still, and Will immediately returns to the sweet land of dreams.

When he wakes, Hannibal is still sleeping. He looks like a tiny toy soldier, back flat, arms neatly crossed, face blank. He also, apparently, likes to sleep topless.

Will is five minutes into admiring Hannibal's bare abs and liberal dusting of chest hair before his mind fully comes back to the land of the living and realizes that he is, in fact, staring at his sleeping roommate like a stalker. Which is when he quickly and quietly slides out of the bed and shuffles to the kitchen to appease his stomach before it growls loud enough for their neighbors to hear.

Hannibal keeps track of the shopping, mostly because the first and only time Will tried to buy groceries Hannibal literally turned his nose up after sniffing them, so for Will it's always a little bit of a fun game to see what exactly is in the fridge and whether he can cook it without setting the kitchen on fire. Thankfully, there are eggs, so Will sets about cracking them.

Will is humming softly to himself and shredding cheese to add to the omelet when Hannibal speaks front right behind him .

“You really can’t cook much beyond eggs, can you?”

Will nearly sends the bowl flying into the wall. “Holy – I need to get a bell for you, how are you so quiet?” he demands. “Also, why are awake? Didn’t you just go to bed?”

Hannibal crosses to the fridge and starts pulling out . . . something. “I, like many others in the medical field, have practiced functioning on limited sleep. Even on nights where I do not need to go in, I do my best to keep to the same schedule so that my body’s rhythms are preserved.”

“Yeah, on nights. It’s day time.”

“The Uffizi Gallery is best visited in early morning, when there are fewer people.”

“ . . . And?”

“And I like going to the Uffizi Gallery,” Hannibal says patiently. He empties a small handful of tiny tomatoes into a bowl and washes them efficiently. “Here, add these; it will add extra flavor as well as variety.”

Will gives him the side eye, but obediently tosses in the tomatoes. Hannibal has proved he knows cooking far better than Will. Case in point: one minute in, and Hannibal gently relieves Will of the spatula and bowl and directs him to the exciting and difficult activity of putting plates on the table and sitting down.

“Is my cooking really that bad?”

Hannibal makes a noncommittal sound, like a little huff. He’s clearly far too polite to call Will out, but Will’s good at reading people’s expressions, and while he hasn’t been around Hannibal that long, he’s already starting to pick up his cues.

That being said, Hannibal has never called him out rudely, or looked down at him, or insulted him. He gives tips when Will cooks, he gently urges Will to let him take over when he has time, and those rare times Will is in the mood to fish for cooking tips, he answers every question patiently and thoroughly, no matter how dumb some of them must be. He’s the perfect gentleman beta, and so his critique of Will’s cooking garners him Will’s amusement rather than Will’s anger.

“I see how it is,” Will laughs, and when he holds out his plate, Hannibal dishes him exactly half before scooping the remainder onto his own plate.

Midway into his meal, Will remembers to ask: “What exactly do you do at Uffizi Gallery?”

“I sketch.”

“ . . . Sketch what?”

“The paintings, of course.”

“Why?”

Hannibal sets down his fork, his face transforming, almost like he has to meditate to provide the proper answer. Will gets the feeling that Hannibal wants to give the perfect answer, but perfect as in perfectly tailored to Will and what Will knows and what Will expects. Will would be uncomfortable with this but for the fact that he knows the technique very well, since he uses it all the time on Jack and Pazzi. He used it on Jack when it came time to negotiate for the internship, after all, because he’d really wanted to do a semester abroad and Jack had been very reluctant to let his prize young stallion prance across the pond.

Finally, Hannibal decides to say, “Many physicians have also been artists. And it is more socially accepted to draw figures in paintings than anatomical ones in public.”

Will knows immediately it’s not the whole truth, but it must be part of it. He’s definitely seen a lot of naked bodies in paintings, after all. But Hannibal wants something out of this, and it’s more than just being socially accepted.

Will cocks his head and studies Hannibal. Hannibal meets his eyes unflinchingly, which makes it easier for Will.

“You . . . You want to make yourself in the image of a Renaissance man,” Will says slowly. “The perfect gentleman, the best of the best, fluent in many languages, skilled in the arts and sciences, master of conversation and art and mind and body. What better way to understand the old masters than to see through their eyes – and to see how other sheep milling about look up to them?”

Hannibal blinks, just once, like a shutter snapping down. “Very insightful,” he notes mildly. “Did you study psychiatry?”

“Ugh, no. I mean, yeah, I have some intro to psych classes to take when I go back, but uh. No. I’ve had enough shrinks to last me a lifetime.” Will taps a finger against his head. “I’ve got an . . . active imagination.”

The mildness fades away. Hannibal leans forward, looking rather like a tiger who has trapped a mouse under its paw only to realize that the mouse can do neat little cartwheels. “Pure empathy?”

Then it’s Will’s turn to blink, but he gets over it quickly. He’s well aware that more than a few individuals in the medical field have expressed interest over him and made note of that in public places, and Hannibal is many things but he is by no means ill read or unobservant. So he settles for replying, “That’s what some have called it.”

“Hmm. Perception is a tool that is pointed on both ends. Do you sometimes find that your imaginations crowd out the rest of the thoughts in your mind, leaving you with no room for the things you love?”

Will thinks of the unwrapped fishing rod still in his father's shed. A gift, meant to be loved and used, and yet instead it languishes untouched and pristine, all because Jack Crawford took a liking to Will in his first year of college and kept Will at college throughout the summer instead of letting him go home to see his father and do their annual summer fishing trips. He looks down at his plate, suddenly no longer hungry. "Yeah. That's one way of putting it."

"Hmm." Hannibal scoops another mouthful of eggs up and chews it thoughtfully. When he swallows, he puts his fork down again and folds his hand carefully on the table, as if about to dismantle a bomb. "Why don't you come with me today, Will? You've been here for almost a month and have yet, as far I can tell, to see the city. Palermo is quite beautiful. Let me be your guide for today."

The offer surprises Will; Hannibal has never objected to his presence, not even that one time he tripped over Will's shoe when Will was so tired he just undressed and stumbled into bed, but he doesn't usually seek it out. Coming into the kitchen when Will is cooking doesn't really count, seeing as their flat is so small that they're basically always in each other's presence.

"I'm uh. Not really here to sightsee," Will says cautiously, because he's learned the hard way that it's easier on him to offer an out than to take up on polite offers that aren't genuinely made.

The sides of Hannibal's eyes crinkle as he smiles, a true smile, one that reaches his eyes and cheeks. "You could have done your internship in the states, for much less cost. Yet you chose to cross the ocean and pay an exorbitant price for a flat you must share. I think you might as well get some sightseeing out of it."

"Well, when you put it that way . . . Sure. Why not."

Hannibal, as it turns out, has been taking full advantage of his summer classes and has been exploring to his heart's content in whatever spare time he has. He brings Will to tiny coffee shops, bakeries that smell like heaven on earth, street vendors that give Hannibal a friendly smile. He steers them effortlessly through the crowd of tourists and sightseers, pointing out the best spots for studying or sunbathing or simply walking. And then, finally, he brings them to the Uffizi Gallery.

Hannibal makes a beeline for a bench in front of a large painting, which contains eight figures, some dressed but most not, with a dark forest in the background. Hannibal pulls out a sketchbook and pencil and flips past several dozen sketches, and it is only upon looking between the painting and Hannibal's sketches that Will realizes there is a winged angel at the top.

"Wow," Will says quietly. "You've certainly got the talent."

"Long hours of patience and practice, I assure you," Hannibal replies, but Will can feel the smugness radiating off of him.

Hannibal sets out continuing his latest sketch, and Will takes the opportunity to look around. There aren't that many people at this hour, so Will feels pretty relaxed, and as he sits and lets his eyes drift, he can feel the tension of the Il Mostro case begin to drain from his shoulders.

He just sits, aware of nothing beyond the scratch of Hannibal's pencil and Hannibal's warm side pressed against his, and feels for once utterly at once.

Eventually, minutes or hours later, Hannibal flips his notebook shut. Will, startled out of his relaxed stupor, sits upright.

"We can leave now, if you like," Hannibal offers.

"But you're not done."

"I can always return. And you are getting agitated by the increasing crowds."

Will takes a deep breath, meaning to dispute the point, but the harsh sting of crowds of alphas and omegas mixing together, potent scents screaming *Stay away* and *Come on in* and *I'm mated* and *I'm a catch* in a horrendous cacophony makes him instinctively recoil. When he looks at Hannibal, he sees a similar tension there. Betas, after all, don't have the enhanced senses of alphas or omegas, but put enough people in one room and the stink is noticeable even to their diluted senses. And Hannibal, Will learned on day two of cohabitation, has a nose that rivals any alpha.

So Will just nods, because there's no sense in torturing both of them.

Hannibal leads them out and to a small restaurant for lunch, over which they debate old cases Will used to study in college. The discussion lasts all the way back to the flat, whereupon Will perches on the table to continue the arguments as Hannibal cooks.

Later on, as Hannibal puts on his coat and starts to get ready to leave, Will stops him with a hand on the shoulder.

"Hey," Will says awkwardly. "Today was fun. So, uh. Thanks."

He earns himself another one of those rare, true Hannibal smiles. "You are very welcome."

After that, they fall into a rhythm. They don't get days off, but sometimes Will skives off on sleep to spend more time with Hannibal, and sometimes Hannibal just straight up doesn't sleep – because he's weird like that – to spend more time with Will. Their debates range from philosophy and psychiatry to pets and music. Will's cooking even gets better, since Hannibal now parks himself in the kitchen to advise or direct, or leaves out neatly written recipe cards for Will to follow. Will has no idea how Hannibal has the time to sketch, write out recipe cards, do his studies, cook, sleep, and talk to Will, but somehow he does.

Meanwhile, because it's just his luck, as his relationship with Hannibal gets better, his relationship with Inspector Pazzi gets far worse. Hannibal comes home one day to find Will literally smacking his head against the kitchen table in frustration.

“Good evening, Will – Will, what are you doing?”

Will thumps his head again and groans. “I’m trying to shake something loose.”

“You might shake your brain loose, certainly,” Hannibal scolds. He doesn’t even take off his coat or shoes before he has his hands around Will’s head, efficiently feeling around his forehead and skull. “Do you have a headache? Dizziness? Nausea?”

“I’m fine. Just. Ugh. Frustrated.”

Usually, Hannibal takes Will at his word. Today, he sits firmly down at the table and looks at Will with those piercing eyes, all of his attention focused on Will. “May I ask why? I might be able to help.”

Will sighs. “Only if you’re willing to look at dead bodies.”

“I am a doctor, Will.”

So Will slides the folder over. Hannibal thankfully appears only briefly surprised at the postmortem and crime scene photos, but after a moment of hesitation, he leans over them and studies them as closely as though he’s going to be tested on them. After he turns over the last photograph, he looks up.

“This is the work of Il Mostro. They have an intern working the case?”

Will shrugs. “Pazzi is desperate for anything, at this rate. He’s even more desperate now that the killer hasn’t struck in like two weeks. He’s never paused for so long before.”

“Perhaps he or she has left the city.”

“No, I don’t think so. This scenes . . . they took so much effort, Hannibal. Effort and time and – and joy. He didn’t seem to have any less fun with the last victim than his first. I doubt he would have moved on so soon.”

“Then perhaps he has found a new pursuit.”

Will snorts. “Right, because most serial killers quit cold turkey once they start.”

“But an addict might be able to redirect that energy into something else.”

“He doesn’t feel like an addict to me. Or, at least, he doesn’t think of himself that way.”

“Oh? Then how does this Il Mostro think of himself?”

Will closes his eyes. The victims drift about in his mind, like bubbles circling a drain, faint little lives abruptly snuffed out by an uncaring end. Yet each bubble can glisten so prettily under the sun. “Il Mostro. . . He thinks of himself as an artist. Making something beautiful out of something fleeting. But I have no evidence. And since the guy isn’t killing anymore, no one has more evidence.”

Hannibal inclines his head in acceptance. He closes the folder. “So is this why you’ve been spending more and more time at the station? Poring over old photos?”

“To see if anything rustles loose, yeah.”

Angry, loud pounding on the door cuts off whatever Hannibal tries to say next. Irritation flickers over Hannibal’s face, but it’s there and gone in a flash, Hannibal’s public face sliding down to cover everything and transform him into the mild-manner doctor and friend. He pushes back his chair and slips out to answer the door.

Will follows, but at a more sedate pace, because he has a good idea of just who is on the other side and he isn’t eager to answer.

Sure enough, Inspector Pazzi is red-faced and furious in their doorway.

“Good evening,” Hannibal says, one imperious eyebrow raised. “And how can we help you?”

“Graham!” Pazzi barks. “You made me look like a fool!”

Will crosses his arms. Usually, he’d be more polite, but after a full day of Pazzi’s nonsense, he’s just kind of done. “I warned you not to announce that you’d caught Il Mostro. I told you that crime scene didn’t have any connection.”

“It had all the signature components! The – the surgical removal, the – ”

“If you call that surgery,” Will says, “because we all could see how jagged that cut was. The perp clearly had no experience with how to cut bone.”

Pazzi swells up like a pufferfish. It’s quite a sight, and Will is peripherally aware of Hannibal trying very hard not to laugh in the background. It emboldens him, because usually the rest of Pazzi’s coworkers just agree with whatever he says, but Hannibal is firmly on Will’s side and it’s a nice feeling, being in the majority for once.

“You watch your mouth, Graham. I agreed to let you intern here to *help*. Not to make a mockery of us.”

“I can only tell you what the evidence tells me.”

“Well, you need to make it talk faster.”

“Find me a new crime scene, and sure. I’ll do my best. But if I tell you it isn’t Il Mostro, you should probably listen to me.”

“Why you little – ”

Pazzi actually takes two steps forward before, quite suddenly, Hannibal is just *there* fierce and unyielding in his path. He does not speak or clench his hands into fists or even change his scent, but Pazzi halts as suddenly as if Hannibal had kicked him in the groin or stabbed him in the gut. And whatever face Hannibal faces, it makes Pazzi go slightly pale and green about the gills.

“I think we are finished here,” Hannibal says, voice as sharp as one of his knives, hard and unyielding as diamond. “Will has given his insight, and he has been proven correct. His shift is over and there are no new cases, so there is nothing that cannot wait until tomorrow.”

Pazzi swallows, and then seems to remember that he’s older and bigger. “And who are you to say it?”

“I am Will’s friend.” Hannibal tilts his head. “I am also doing a rotation at the medical school.”

To Will, the words are a complete non sequitur, but Pazzi goes red in the face. He hisses like an angry cat. “I’ve had my psych eval. You can’t touch me.”

“No, I cannot,” Hannibal agrees mildly. He tilts his head and smiles, that tiny little smile that promises pain, the same way a paper cut can be so tiny and burn so painfully. “But I can recommend a new and more thorough one, based on your behavior here. I do not believe your superiors will look too kindly upon you coming to your intern’s home after hours to shout about a course of action he quite correctly recommended you not to take.” Hannibal takes a step forward, casually confident as he is in everything, and his voice grows even firmer. “I also recommend that you leave our home. You are on our territory, and we have not invited you to enter.”

“You’re a beta, not an alpha. You have no territory.”

“I am an adult. Any adult, alpha or beta or omega, has a right to his or her territory. And you have been asked to leave ours.”

Pazzi fumes, but either Hannibal’s words begin to sink in or he begins to lose his confidence, because he abruptly turns on his heel and stalks out of the flat, slamming the door so hard that the sketches Hannibal hung on the walls rattle in their frames.

Hannibal remains watching the door, body tense like he’s waiting for a fight, for Pazzi to burst back in and start yelling again. It is only a few moments later that he finally turns around.

Will, meanwhile, is trying to clear his suddenly dry throat.

“Are you alright?” Hannibal asks, back to his mild-manner mask.

“That was seriously the hottest thing I have ever seen,” Will blurts out. He doesn’t quite intend to say it, but it’s out of his mouth and into the air before he can stop himself. He’s seen it in movies before, of course, alphas fending off rivals or stalkers, and he’d never quite understood why it would be taken as a romantic gesture, but now, having seen Hannibal, as a beta, face down and drive off an alpha like Pazzi, he can definitely understand a desire to climb into Hannibal’s pants and kiss him until they’re both breathless. “And I uh. Didn’t mean to say that out loud.”

Hannibal’s face changes, and the look upon it is so alien it takes Will a moment to place it as hunger, because he’s never seen Hannibal really wanting anything before.

“I have no objection,” Hannibal says. “You were quite a sight yourself.”

“So what do we do now?”

“Well,” Hannibal says, advancing one step at a time towards Will, scent thickening in the air so that all Will can smell is Hannibal, Hannibal, Hannibal, and not a whiff of odious alpha, “I can think of a few things, and we do have a bed, and a night off for the both of us.”

It’s a spur of the moment, but Will pivots on his heel and dashes towards the bed. He’s also never understood the whole chasing business for courting, but now, hearing a snarl rip out of Hannibal’s chest and the patter of his footsteps behind him, he definitely does.

Hannibal reaches him just as Will gets to the edge of the bed, and the weight of him suddenly on top of Will’s back sends them both toppling to the mattress.

“You caught me,” Will gasps.

“So I have,” Hannibal says, voice rumbling with satisfaction. “But the chase does not end with a catch, my dear Will. It ends when we are both . . . satisfied.”

“Well,” Will groans, “satisfy away.”

“I certainly intend to.”

Afterwards, Will sleeps the sleep of the very much satisfied, although he does wake briefly when he feels Hannibal pull away. He whines, tangling their legs together and groping at Hannibal’s chest, and Hannibal purrs reassuringly before he curls back around Will.

“Hush,” Hannibal soothes. “I just wanted to get my sketchbook.”

“Sleep,” Will insists.

“You may do so. I will not leave again, I promise. Sleep.”

Will falls asleep again to the sensation of Hannibal humming and the scratches of his pencil moving across the sketchbook.

Hannibal greets Will with crispy bacon, fluffy pancakes, runny eggs, sweet strawberries, and freshly squeezed orange juice in the morning, and he even folds the napkin into a beautiful origami flower. They share bites in between kisses after Will drags Hannibal into bed and they eat, for once, not properly at the table as Hannibal usually insists.

They waste away the rest of the morning rolling about the bed, and Will gets to learn every inch of Hannibal that he’d previously ogled discretely in the morning. Their dalliance only ends when Hannibal finally pries himself away for a shower before he reports to his next shift.

As he does so, Will idly thumbs through Hannibal's sketchbook, amused at how it starts off with strict replications of the paintings in the gallery before slowly morphing into his own drawings, complete with a Will or two or five here and there. Granted, Hannibal does take some artistic license, but Will is even more to see just how accurately Hannibal sketched him before he took Will's pants off with his teeth.

"Admiring yourself?" Hannibal teases when he emerges, naked as the day he was born as he pats himself dry.

Will tips onto his side and grins. "More like admiring you."

"I do not include myself in my sketches."

"No, but you do include me. You've got a . . . very detailed image of me, actually. Before we did the naked tango."

Hannibal makes a hilariously offended face. "Please do not refer to it as that."

"My point still stands."

"Hmm. I am very observant, and I am a student of the human form. And you, my dear, have a habit of forgetting to completely close the shower curtain when you clean yourself."

"Ah, so I'm not the only one who used to peek where I shouldn't."

"I admit to nothing," Hannibal says.

Then he drops his towel onto Will's head as he leans over the bed to retrieve his sketchbook and place it safely on the nightstand. Will rolls free of the damp towel and finds something sharp and pointy digging into his back as he moves across the bed. When he frees the pointy thing, he finds a creamy white envelope with a seal of two overlapping rings.

Will knows that symbol. Every person in the world does. Two gold overlapping rings is the symbol for the Bureau of the Obligated Nuptial Duty, the worldwide enforcer of the marriage decree that mandates a bond or nuptials by age 35, unless one is sentenced to life in prison or death. It was implemented after a sharp population decline, supposedly with the intention of being repealed when numbers steadied, but instead it became ever more ingrained into the way the world worked. Partly this is because alphas and omegas are generally naturally driven together, ruts and heats syncing up, and partly this is because the BOND is a powerful agency and doesn't like to yield any of that power, but they're still damn annoying for anyone who is not interested in mating, or doesn't have the biological drive of an alpha or omega to mate.

"Did you just turn 18 or something?" Will asks with a frown.

"No, I am nineteen, just like you. But I did recently become an American citizen, so I had to register with the U.S. division of BOND. This is their acknowledgment, and the not so subtle reminder that I am due to be bonded by age thirty five."

Will sighs. "Yep, I got one too."

“I am sure you did. But I,” Hannibal says wryly, “am under more scrutiny than you, because I am transferring in without any declared fiancée or Promised One.”

“I don’t have one either, so why do they care?”

“Well, the law was meant to encourage population growth. I can hardly contribute without a bonded partner. Letting me in will consume valuable resources that might have gone to someone else looking to immigrate who does have a partner or Promised One.”

Will snorts. “That’s bullcrap. You’re going to be an amazing doctor, or artist, or chef. You’ll contribute plenty.”

Hannibal kisses him warmly on the forehead. Somehow, in the two minutes they’ve been talking, he’s already half dressed, pants and belt on and shirt nearly completely buttoned, looking as pristine as though they hadn’t spent the entire night and most of the morning tumbling about the sheets like wild animals. “I am glad for the vote of confidence. I will just need to begin a search for a partner when I return to the states, to demonstrate my intention. Otherwise BOND reserves the right to recommend my citizenship revoked.”

“What? Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

Will sits up, properly indignant now. “That’s so rude. They cannot refuse you just because you’re single.”

“Legally, they can.”

“Well, then let’s *legally* get around it.”

“And how do you propose to do that, my police-officer-in-training?”

Hannibal’s tone is entirely teasing – he clearly fears nothing about BOND’s threat regarding citizenship – but Will is still flush with the hormones from their lovemaking, and a threat against Hannibal is, in a way, a threat against him, for Hannibal had defended him and their home, and Hannibal had brought him food, and Hannibal had made love to him in their bed. Betas may not have ruts or heats, but a mate is a mate, and in the depths of his primal beta mind, Hannibal is *his*, and no one can threaten to send Hannibal away from him.

Will holds out his hand. “Become my Promised One. It can’t be faked; they can’t argue against that.”

Hannibal pauses, hands midway through knotting his tie, and then he goes very still. “You’re serious.”

“Yep.”

“Will, that cannot be faked, true, but it cannot be broken either.”

“Not easily,” Will agrees, feeling giddy and lightheaded but as emboldened as when Hannibal had stood in front of Pazzi and said *Not a step more, you do not threaten my Will on our territory, leave or I will make you*. “So let’s do it.”

“Will . . .” Hannibal kneels down on the floor so that they are on the same level, grasping Will’s hands and searching his face. “Will, I was not asking for this. I was merely answering a question.”

“But *I* mean it.”

Will knows that Hannibal can see almost as well as Will; his observation skills are almost unparalleled, but Hannibal isn’t far behind, and Hannibal has the benefit of actual classes and practice, whereas Will mostly works on instinct and feeling. He knows Hannibal is trying to find an ulterior motive or hesitation, but he just waits patiently, for he knows Hannibal will find nothing but a bone-deep sincerity.

“You protected me,” Will says softly, once Hannibal’s eyes focus on his again. “Let me protect you.”

For a long moment, Hannibal says nothing. Then he bows his head and kisses Will’s hand, almost like he’s helpless to stop himself.

“My dear Will. I would not dishonor such a gift from you.”

“Then you will honor me, and support me, and love me for all the rest of my life if I cannot find a companion by age thirty five?”

Hannibal squeezes his hand tightly. “I will. And will you honor me, and support me, and love me for all the rest of my life if I cannot find a companion by age thirty five?”

“Yes,” Will says. “I will.”

Red flame licks up their hands, blazing hot yet not even the tiniest bit painful, and it roars to an inferno that engulfs the both of them. For a moment, they are one, Hannibal-and-Will, Will-and-Hannibal, and he has no idea where one of them ends and the other begins. Then it dies down, fading to a few sparks on their fingers, settling down to a deep red gleaming circle on their left ring fingers. The vow of a Promised One: unbreakable, except by death or marriage to another, and impossible to fake, even though humans have tried for centuries to do so.

Hannibal kisses his hand again, joy writ clear across his face. “With all of my knowledge and intuition, I could never entirely predict you. You amaze me.”

“In a good way, I hope.”

“The best way.”

Afterwards, when Hannibal leaves, Will can’t stop looking at the red ring around his finger. He feels at once terrified, for the vow of a Promised One is big and huge and something he

never thought he'd ever get involved in, and yet also elated, because Hannibal – smooth, smart, eloquent, man of a million talents Hannibal – wants *him*, wants to tie himself to Will above all others if he does not find a more suitable companion for marriage by the time he turns thirty five. Most people don't want to spend five minutes with Will, never mind seriously contemplate marriage for the rest of their life.

Eventually, to distract himself, he goes back to looking at Hannibal's sketches. They're still very beautiful, but Will flicks through them slowly, trying to calm his racing mind.

That's when he sees it – a sketch clearly half finished, but also very clearly a replica of first Il Mostro murder. Every detail is present, even the small incision where the killer removed a liver that was never disclosed to the public so that the police could mark it as Il Mostro's signature in case someone else tried to claim credit. Except this one already has a signature – Hannibal's neat curving loops, scrawled at the bottom.

And just like that, Will knows.

Bile rises up in Will's throat, fatty and salty like the bacon Will ate only hours earlier, and which Will now knows to likely be remnants of Il Mostro's trophies. Hannibal's trophies.

Will spends the next five minutes bent over the toilet, heaving, but to his horror, nothing comes back up, even though his mind roils with his newly acquired knowledge. He slumps against the toilet when it becomes clear his body is refusing to reject Hannibal's food, and moans in despair as he realizes that in all this time he hasn't had a single thought of calling Pazzi and turning Hannibal in. There's likely proof in their own apartment, yet the thought of Hannibal in prison is anathema to Will, unacceptable and unbearable, and not just because there would be judgment about why Will hadn't seen it sooner.

Hannibal is Will's and Will's alone, and a Promised One never gives up their beloved's secrets.

Will stands up, and he packs, and he's gone on the next flight home. Hannibal does not follow him, although Will is sure he could have tracked him down. In fact, one day Will comes home to find a postcard in his home mailbox, a portrait of the Primavera, the painting Hannibal had shown him their first day together. Their first date together, really.

Hannibal writes no words upon it besides Will's name and address, but the message is clear: the ball is now in Will's court, to do with as he pleases.

Will burns the card.

Present Day

"I turn thirty five in one week," Hannibal says gently. "You are my Promised One. I ask you to honor the oath you made with me, so that we may fulfill our obligation of marriage, or else to release me, so that I might find a companion who will have me."

The words are ceremonial, of course. People with Promised One rings rarely go on dates, because who would date someone who was chosen and promised, so even if Hannibal had tried to find someone after Will, it's likely most would have refused after seeing his ring.

But this is Hannibal. He picks words as carefully as he picks victims, and Will feels each word like a knife to the gut, a reminder that one time they bound themselves together and promised to hold true no matter what. A reminder that one time Hannibal fed Will and slept beside him and protected him from Pazzi, because he wanted to, because he could, because he loved Will. A reminder that once upon a time, Will loved him just as fiercely.

After all, Will never did go to Pazzi about Il Mostro's identity, and he never spoke up about some startling similarities with the Chesapeake Ripper case.

Still, Will isn't an idiot, and the one thing he hates most of all is being on display in front of an audience. Mindful of Jack's watchful eye – the same Jack who has been chasing the Chesapeake Ripper for so long – Will clears his throat.

"Listen, I have a lecture starting very soon," Will says, fighting to keep his voice even. "Why don't we discuss this later. I'll call you."

Hannibal rises, as graceful as he was all those years ago, and his face is perfectly smooth, giving nothing away. Clearly he has mastered the mild-manner person suit he was still working on during his time in Italy. "But of course. I'd hate to interrupt. Let me give you my card, it has my personal number on it. And my address. Let me know whenever you are free, and we can meet whenever it's most convenient for you."

There isn't a hint of judgment in his face; Will envies his easy demeanor. But he takes the card all the same, swallowing hard as memories rise up at the crisp clear scent of Hannibal that wafts over him as Hannibal brushes past him into the hallway.

Jack, meanwhile, whistles long and low after the door closes. "Wow, and here I thought you hated being social."

Will feels his cheeks burn. "I met Hannibal a long time ago."

"You don't form Promised One vows on a whim."

"Everyone does stupid things when they're young."

"A man who looks like that and dresses like that cannot be a stupid thing."

Will tucks the card away, hoping that it doesn't burn a hole in his pocket from the secrets it carries. "You'd be surprised, Jack. We all have our hidden depths."

Hannibal's house is stupidly beautiful and imposing. Will can see all the little signs of Hannibal's aesthetics in it, including his weird decorations. It's like stepping back into their flat and being surrounded with Hannibal's sketches and obsessive neat streak again, except this time Will is aware that he will be meeting someone when he steps through the door.

When he rings the doorbell, Hannibal answers with a friendly fake smile and an apron tied round his waist.

The smile falters, ever so slightly, when he sees Will, but it quickly morphs into his real one. “Will. I didn’t expect you for another day or two.”

“I aim to be unpredictable,” Will drawls. “Can I come in?”

“My home is always open to you,” Hannibal says, and even though the words make Will feel like a rude intruder, it’s clear by his tone that he didn’t mean it that way. “Please, do come in. I’m just in the middle of preparing lunch.”

Will trails Hannibal into the kitchen, utterly unsurprised to see lungs on the table. “I see you haven’t changed at all.”

Hannibal slides around the table and begins rolling up his sleeves, apparently completely comfortable with an FBI agent, even a temporary one, watching him prepare blatantly human meat. Then again, Will hasn’t exactly called in the cavalry on him, so his ease is well-founded. He places one hand over the other and starts pressing down on the right lung, presumably squeezing out the air.

“Did you expect me to change?” Hannibal asks, sounding curious.

Will hums. “Not really.”

“Which is why you ran.”

“Not really.”

Hannibal moves on to the left lung. “I was prepared to come home to a full-fledged investigation,” he admits. “I had considered it as one of the possibilities and made the proper arrangements accordingly.”

“Of course you did.” Will taps a knuckle on the table. He should be feel agitated, that Hannibal even then was spinning his web around Will just to see what he’d catch, but mostly he feels very calm. Hannibal would not have allowed himself to be caught back then, so he must have ensured there was no easily found proof – or at least, no proof that would be irrevocably linked to him. “Was I going to be your . . . patsy?”

“If it had come to that.”

“Not like you to leave a loose end like that.”

“You were never a loose end to me, Will.”

“No? Then what was I? A wind-up toy, ready to be let loose upon your pursuers? Or a lab experiment ready to implode?”

Hannibal pauses and looks up. He doesn’t deny the claims – Will has no doubt Hannibal was making plans involving him from the moment he learned of Will’s existence, because that’s a

part of Hannibal he's not sure Hannibal could turn off even if he wanted to – but Will is also well aware that Hannibal has the kind of mind that would allow for plans within plans, especially if one plan became unpalatable for whatever reason.

Like, maybe, falling in love with the guy he meant to frame for his crimes.

"You were mine," Hannibal says simply. "You allowed me into your mind and your heart, and thus you were mine. And I found the thought of you behind bars . . . strangely distressing."

"So another murder then," Will surmises. He tilts his head, eyeing the very sharp array of knives in Hannibal's kitchen. He's sure they are much higher quality than the knives Hannibal once used to teach Will how to slice meat and chop vegetables. He wonders if he would even feel it, if Hannibal sliced into his throat with them. "How would you have done it?"

Hannibal doesn't do him the disservice of lying. Without even looking at the knives, he says, "With my hands. I would have seen the light fading from your eyes, just as the knowledge of my secrets consumed your mind."

"Fancy." Will finally drags a seat closer and parks his butt in it. "So what changed your mind?"

"I utilize a particular technique for ordering my mind. It's a method of loci known as the memory palace. The foyer is the Norman Chapel in Palermo, and with each new memory, it grows anew, full of the new things I have discovered your experience." Hannibal pauses and takes a deep breath. "I found, to my great surprise, that many of those new things were turning out to be you. I wandered through the hallways of my mind palace, and I discovered you there, victorious and unbidden."

It's a very Hannibal kind of confession. On the surface, it does not seem like much; Will is sure there are others, although perhaps very few, who have also conquered the walls of Hannibal's palace and lurk unbidden in his shadowed halls. But Will knows that Hannibal loves control more than anything else, so for him to realize that his appetite for Will had grown beyond what his mind palace could ever contain – that he had no control whatsoever over his desire for Will – and for him not to retake that control in the manner by which he was accustomed, well. That's a declaration of love if anything was.

And if Will ever needed confirmation that Hannibal let him run, it would be this. "So you let me leave."

"I was once told, in my youth, that if you love something, truly, then you must let it go. If it returns, then it is yours to keep. You have returned to me, Will. First by fate, but now by choice."

"And if I choose to leave again?" Will challenges. "To say good-bye and change my name and forget you?"

Hannibal smiles. “Then I will ensure that my blood is found at a crime scene of the Chesapeake Ripper, and leave my basement unlocked for the FBI to find. You will know exactly where I am, Will, and where you can find me.”

Will can see how that would play out. Hannibal would barter the names of his victims for privileges, would ingratiate himself with little tidbits and insights into new killers, would hold his cards very close and his secrets even closer. He would live in his mind palace, never letting a single indignity of his imprisonment touch him, and eventually – due to Jack or another one of Hannibal’s little ducklings – Will would be forced to go inside and speak to him. And eventually Hannibal would be free again, Will so run down by the lengthy trial in court and even lengthier trial in public opinion that he might even agree to go with Hannibal, just to get a moment’s peace in the company of his Promised One.

Will sighs. “You’re so dramatic.”

“On the contrary, I would ensure that the trial would be streamlined. I know the name and face of pig that has ever graced my table.”

“That’s not what I mean and you know it.” Will looks down at the table. It’s polished to perfection, so Will can almost make out his own reflection in it. He looks a lot calmer than he feels; maybe Hannibal’s mask has rubbed off on him. “Very well. Let’s say I don’t leave. Let’s say I stay. Let’s say I agree to marry you. What then?”

“Then the result will be exactly the same. I will give you everything that I am and everything I have. Except, of course, I will not be surrendering it to you in my will, but sharing the joys of it with you in person.”

“And you’ll continue feeding me your kills.”

Hannibal tilts his head. “I smelled you, when I returned to the apartment. You spent a great deal of time in the bathroom. Attempting, I assume, to reject the contents of my cooking. Yet the toilet was pristine. You knew what I served then, but you let it nourish you as you fled from me.”

There is no judgment in Hannibal’s voice, but Will closes his eyes against his words all the same. In a way, he already knew from the moment he chose to flee to the airport instead of the police station where his path would lead: back here, in this moment, with Hannibal, contemplating a life together with both parties fully aware of the secrets of the other and carrying on regardless. Cohabiting, as they had in Italy when they were both younger and a touch more foolish.

Will is older and supposedly wiser now, yet the appeal of that dream is almost stronger as it was then, and back then it had been strong enough to have him hail a cab to the airport instead of to the police.

After all, not many people learn of Will’s imagination and seek neither to exploit it nor to drive him away. And acceptance, as Hannibal has so artfully proved, is a hell of an alluring drug.

There's a faint sound of water and then the rasp of towels, so Will isn't surprised when Hannibal's hands land on his neck, steadying and warm and strong. A temptation, a skill Hannibal has honed to rival the devil, as well as a reminder of the passion they shared, and how much Will had enjoyed Hannibal's hands upon him. It's a ridiculous thought, but Will imagines Hannibal might even have guessed that how he used to star in Will's deepest, darkest, most unacknowledged fantasies, how Will had scoured the Internet for grainy photos of John Hopkins' graduating ceremony, and how much he'd jerked off to the fantasy of Hannibal, ascending the platform and striding across the stage, confident and beaming, to accept his diploma. He hadn't even allowed himself think of Hannibal's name, but he'd immortalized the fantasy of his Promised One in his mind.

Right now, for once, just once, he looks ahead to the fantasy of a life *with* his Promised One. He imagines waking up next to Hannibal, eating elaborately planned meals with Hannibal, trading secrets and kisses as easy as breathing with Hannibal. He imagines being able to confide about his nightmares to beings that can actually talk back instead of bark or whine.

He imagines being happy.

Will lets out a long breath. "Well, we need to deal with your murder boner so you don't get caught," he says, giving into the inevitable. "I know you wanted to draw me in, but honestly, you're leaving a lot of hints behind, and soon someone else besides me is going to notice."

"I do not have a . . . murder boner."

"You also seriously need to stop hatching murder ducklings. I understand that it's cool to watch people spin themselves into chrysalises and to whisper through the cocoon, but again – soon someone is going to take notice."

"I do not – " Hannibal sighs in irritation. "Then what do you suggest?"

Will rolls his head to the side to peer up at Hannibal. His face is still twisted in irritation, but his eyes are soft and inviting instead of joyous and possessive; apparently Will hasn't made himself clear enough yet.

"I suggest," Will says, enjoying the feel of Hannibal's hand on his neck, "that we find a new patsy for the Chesapeake Ripper, and then we go on a nice long honeymoon to avoid the media circus, and that when we return, you dispose of your pigs discretely and quietly. You may assemble a painting for me in your sketchbook, if you must, or in your basement, but I'd rather not have to hire a lawyer just to secure conjugal rights."

And there is the joy Will was looking for – it consumes the entirety of Hannibal's face, eyes and mouth and cheeks, like a fire roaring through him. Even Hannibal's hands twitch, and his shoulders expand, and his arms go tense.

"Then," Hannibal says cautiously, like he's crawling across ice so thin he's not sure if it will crack and send him plummeting to an icy death, "you mean to fulfill your oath?"

"To honor you, and to support you, and to love you," Will affirms. "As long as you fulfill yours."

Hannibal crushes him close in a hug, so tight Will can hardly breathe. It's almost like Hannibal's love for him – monstrous and all-consuming and breath-taking, powerful enough to sweep Will off of his feet and swallow him whole, so that Hannibal will never have to part with him ever again, because they will become two halves of the same whole, blurred lines and constant mixings ensuring that they cannot survive separation.

"My dear Will," Hannibal breathes, "it would be my *privilege* to fulfill my oath to you."

"Good. Then I elect you to have to deal with the whole wedding rigmarole."

"Of course. Do you want anything in particular included?"

Will leans up and kisses him on the cheek. "I just want you," Will says quietly. "Just you."

"You will have me," Hannibal vows, kissing Will like he can't stop himself. "Always and forever, I swear it.

FINIS

End Notes

A/N: And Will and Hannibal do get married and live happily ever after, murdering and cooking and having great sex. Hannibal lets Will keep his dogs, Will lets Hannibal keep his creepy decorations. Jack laughs his a** off when he gets the full story out of Hannibal, and the Sassy Science Team take great joy in throwing parties for Will and Hannibal's anniversaries.

Once again, all my thanks and love again to my dear Mod Fishie, my friends, and my artist! You are all wonderful *hugs and kisses*

All typos and continuity errors are mine. This fic was written entirely by me going "wheeeeee" and gleefully putting words to text, no outlining or planning involved.

If you enjoyed this fic, I highly encourage checking out the rest of the MHBB 2020 works, the collection is here.

Find me @ Telegram as TheSilverQueen : Pillowfort as TheSilverQueen : Tumblr as thesilverqueenlady : Twitter as silverqueenlady : NewTumbl as thesilverqueen : Dreamwidth as thesilverqueenlady

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!